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FANCIES AND FEELINGS:

Original Poems.

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY

HENRY PARKINSON,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

“Be it as your fancies teach you.”—OTHELLO.

“Do I speak feelingly?”—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

DUBLIN

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PREFACE.

THE following Poems, on various subjects, were written from time to time, without any view to publication.

As they appeared to be the utterance of the heart—the expression of fancy, in simple and unaffected language—they were deemed not unworthy of being collected and preserved.

Those who may have leisure to read such writing, in this age of utility, may find something in unison with their own feelings, which may soothe and elevate the mind, and afford the melancholy pleasure of knowing that others

have thought and felt as they have—their fellow-sufferers—

“Who, being with feelings fine endued,
Feel doubly all their woes.”

If such should happily be the case, the Editor will not be altogether without his reward.

LOTA, DALKEY, *December*, 1856.

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FANCIES AND FEELINGS.

YOUTH'S DREAMS.

BRIGHT and joyous were the hours
Ere we felt the tooth of Care;
When Youth dwelt in sunny bowers,
With sweet Hope an inmate there.

Then we thought that Love and Joy
Would be with us ev'ry day,
Pleasures bright, without alloy,
Strewing roses in our way.

Azure skies and castles fair
In the vista met our view ;
Hanging midway in the air,
Groves, and lawns, and gardens, too.

In these scenes, for ever bright,
Where with rapture we abide,
A form we saw with great delight,
Dearer than all the world beside.

Smiling looks and words we lov'd
Flowed so sweetly from the tongue ;
Flow'rs sprung up where'er we roved,
And the air with music rung.

So paints the fervid hand of Youth
The colours all of magic hue ;
One brush from the cold hand of Truth
For ever closes up the view.

LIBERTY.

—◆—

THAT tall majestic tree,
Waving its branches free,
As if it ruled all round
The grov'lings on the ground,
Resembles man, as thus he stands
In plenitude of pow'r and lands.

Its foliage, thick and green,
Shelters the birds between ;
The ivy is so weak,
Its strong support 'twill seek :
So man with pow'r, and wealth a store,
The parasite will seek his door.

And yet, with all this pow'r,
The little bird each hour
Enjoys a life more gay,
As he soars away ;
So man, when he has station gain'd,
His body and his mind are chain'd.

His liberty is gone ;
Whate'er he does is known,
Whether of good or ill,
All eyes are on him still ;
And often, like a tree o'ergrown,
By storms of faction overthrown.

Come, Liberty, away,
In the fields we'll stray ;
O'er the ocean wide ;
Up the mountain's side ;
No eye to watch in each new scene,
No tongue to tell where we have been.

And as we gaily walk,
How we shall laugh and talk
Of those such cares surround,
With forms and fashion bound,
And think their greatness can't agree,
Since they are not as blithe as we !

LOVE'S SEASONS.

I PASSED beside a meadow
In the smiling month of May,
Sweet honeysuckles mingled
With tender green so gay.
“How like my honeymoon,” I cried,
“So sweet, so bright its hue,
The honeyed words, the tender looks,
Both kind and gentle too.”

When next I saw this lovely field,
The scythe had cropp'd the green ;
The flow'rs were gone, their stems alone
Could tell where they had been.
And thus the scene with me had chang'd,
For, ere a month had flown,
The flow'rs of Love were rudely cut,
And all their beauties gone.

But lo ! when Autumn's harvest o'er,
To fit the earth for seed,
The husbandman with ruthless zeal
Plough'd up this grassy mead ;
And oh ! what ugly forms appear
The tangled roots among :
The beetle black, the slimy worm,
Around the tendrils clung.

So, when Love's autumn came to me,
The fibres of my heart

Were torn and twisted by fell strife,

Where Love ne'er took a part ;

And cold Neglect, like gnawing worm,

Consum'd Love's vernal youth,

And passions black, by Hate begot,

Destroy'd its faith and truth ;

And love of self, and love of gold,

And fierce Ambition's sway,

Usurp'd the throne of gentle Love,

And stole its life away !

So pass'd this stormy time with me,

And left my heart so bare

Of joy and love, that not a trace

Could be distinguish'd there.

And Winter found this fallow field

Without a bud or flow'r,

Or genial ray to cherish it

In Nature's closing hour.

With frost-bound earth, and snowy crest,
The weary hours move on,
Like selfish hearts, encased in ice,
Whose life of love is gone.

But gentle Spring again returns,
And brings the smiling May,
And perfum'd flow'rs and verdant lawns
Make Nature's holiday :
Not so the blighted heart revives—
Its wintry days remain ;
When Love is frozen in the heart,
It never blooms again.

THE HUSBAND.



My Henry vowed to me,
He loved me for myself,
With me contented be,
He sought not lands or pelf.

He gave to me his heart,
With all its treasures deep ;
And I, on my poor part,
Wish'd but that heart to keep.

Supported by his love,
I passed through scenes of grief,
And daily learned to prove
How he could bring relief.

Though to my faults not blind,
Such as I was, he loved,
And with his culture kind
My character improved.

No jealousy he woke
In my weak, trusting heart—
His faith he never broke
To throw that poisoned dart.

His breast to me was clear,
His confidence so great;
I was the friend most dear,
His trusted, true helpmate.

No cold neglect I knew;
He loved to be with me,—
So courteous, kind, and true,—
Our home 'twas peace to see.

The sun of my sweet day
Has set in darkest night;
Love, joy have pass'd away
For ever from my sight.

FALSE HOPE.

O HOPE! thou deceiver,
Thou false, seeming friend,
Who, promising ever,
To perform ne'er intend,—

You told me in youth,
One bright summer day,
That justice and truth
In this world had the sway.

So, if it were clear
I was modest and good,
My character here
Would be well understood ;

And, as I could prove,
I to virtue inclined—
That friendship and love
I should everywhere find.

Although I was poor,
And most humbly born,
Yet merit was sure
To preserve me from scorn.

You told me if sorrow
Should enter my door,
All help I could borrow
From sympathy's store.

You told me my friend

Would be true and sincere,
With his life he'd defend
What most I held dear.

You said that my love

Should be beautiful and kind—
As sweet as a dove,
And as constant, I'd find.

In wedlock, you said,

I should meet with a wife—
In the stars you had read—
I could love as my life.

All, all was delusion—

Thy victim I've been;
With grief and confusion,
Stern Truth I have seen.

Yet still thy soft smile
Soothes and comforts my heart;
Linger on yet awhile—
From thee I can't part:

'Tis better at first
To be sweetly deceiv'd,
Than, fearing the worst,
Be thus doubly griev'd.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

PLAY, pretty children, play;
Ephemeral is thy day;
Those smiles will pass away,
And be forgot.

Instead, will come the tear,
Born of corroding Care,—
Short Hope, with anxious Fear,
 Will be thy lot.

Some in an early grave
Will all those sorrows leave;
But yet sharp anguish have
 Before they go.

Death seldom hurls his dart,
Ev'n to the infant heart,
But ere with life they part,
 They taste sad woe.

And if through youth they live,
How they will toil and strive,
And each pure pleasure give
 For rank and wealth;

Forgetting in this race,
How much they forfeit peace,
And all sweet thoughts efface,
 And barter health.

Some pass their dreary life
With poverty so rife ;
They and the world at strife,—
It is their doom.

For when they've nought to give,
They have no right to live ;
Kind Death should them relieve—
We want their room.

Then comes fell Passion's train,
Scorching the heart and brain,
Gnawing with inward pain
And ranc'rous tooth ;

Surging like ocean deep,
Boiling like lava's heap,
The mind in guilt to steep—
No ear for truth.

And so their day is gone,
To death they hurry on ;
Their high-wrought visions flown,
Spurned were the flowers.

So, as in life's young morn,
They gather but the thorn,
The rose will not adorn
Their evening hours.

WED FOR GOLD.

+
PRETTY maidens, list to me,
I give you sage advice—
Let not your heart a captive be,—
Before you leap, think twice.

Unto your parents' voice give ear,
Who muse o'er days long past;
For money is their only care,—
Without it, love won't last.

Love is a most luxurious boy,
He likes to dwell at ease,
And shuns, with look both shy and coy,
A matrimonial breeze.

He must be nourished well, and fed
With good substantial fare ;
If he's put supperless to bed,
He'll vanish in thin air.

When noisy children, clam'rous duns,
Or servants, make sad strife,
Love snatches up his hat, and runs,
And leaves the tortured wife ;

And thinks, when he returns back,
And condescends to knock,
To be receiv'd with loving smack,
And grateful, smiling look.

When poverty assails the door,
And genial comfort dies,
Love's feelings can endure no more,
So through the window flies.

Then, pretty maidens, wed for gold,
Its smile will not deceive ;
How bright it looks,—when love grows cold,
What comfort it can give !

And Love, when he has made the spring
To take his airy flight,
If you could gently gild his wing,
You'd make him soon alight.

THE MIDNIGHT LAMP.



PALE midnight lamp, my gentle friend,
Mute witness of my tears and sighs ;
Thy tender light can comfort lend
To grief that's hidden from all eyes.

No words of comfort thou can'st speak,
Yet, far more soothing to my woe,
To silent stand, with patience meek,
And not forbid my tears to flow.

No noisy comforter art thou,
Full of wise saws, set forms of speech ;
Thy gentle presence calms me now
Far more than all those words could teach.

So true affection sheds its rays,
Without the aid of vulgar words;
The light that beams from loving eyes
Is all the comfort earth affords.

And you, who in this world of woe
The sacred call of sorrow feel,
Ere to the mourner's house you go,
Learn with his anguish thus to deal.

CRUEL MAN.

Poor dumb creation, slave of man,
Thy tyrant from his birth,
Who still inflicts what ills he can
On all that's weak on earth.

Lord of the soil, he kills his prey,
For license he has got ;
But hears no voice of pity say—
“ Slay, but torment them not.”

He goads his ox, his horse he beats,
Who meekly bear the yoke ;
He kicks his faithful dog, who waits
To hear a kind word spoke.

Fell coward, in the list of woes
You deal forth ev'ry hour,
Are not the least you lay on those
Whose weakness gives you power.

Mild, gentle creatures, for to use,
So mercifully giv'n
For help, support, not to abuse
Those gracious gifts of Heaven.

Your boasted power, O cruel men,
If you would dare to try,
Go face the lion in his den,—
Before his pow'r you'd fly.

The tiger, ere the lamb he kills,
Tortures his feeble prey,
Its panting heart with terror fills—
The tiger is like thee.

When pow'r is not by mercy led,
With cruelty it burns,
And next upon his brother's head
Man's baleful passion turns.

NOT UNDERSTOOD.



THE cause of strife,
That plague of life,
Might have been meant for good,
And each might find
His neighbour kind,
If he were understood.

We all mistake,
Great trouble make ;
And toil, as for our food,
His words to wrest
Of harmless jest,
Because not understood.

Before our eyes
Our own heart lies ;
Yet in that snug abode
Something lies still,
Of good or ill,
We have not understood.

And if the sway
This bears each day,
Twill colour all it could
With its own hue,
Whate'er they do,
Who are not understood.

If anger reigns
Within our veins,
Or boils like foaming flood,
We think the meek
With anger speak ;
They are not understood.

When envy pines,
On crab-juice dines,
Which curdles all our blood ;
We think 'tis true,
All envy too,
Because not understood.

When kindness dwells,
In our heart's cells,
And is our constant mood,
We see this grace
In ev'ry face,
Which is well understood.

LOVE AND GLORY.

+
PALE, tender maid, so kind and true,
Her lover to the war has gone ;
How could he hear that sad adieu,
Yet leave her here to pine alone ?

Honour and glory urge him on
To win a name that never dies ;
With hope, when he has laurels won,
He will return to bless those eyes.

But long before that time comes round,
Those loving eyes will calmly sleep ;
She will not hear his fame resound
In the cold grave where she lies deep.

For her, how sweet would be her lot,
If here contented he had been,
Blest with her love, in rural cot,
With peace and joy to gild the scene.

That faithful love, so hard to gain,
In this cold world, where all pretend;
When we this priceless boon obtain,
No farther should our wishes tend.

Yet this rare gift is cast aside,
And has its empire but a day;
The phantoms dark of wealth and pride
Rebel against its gentle sway.

But know, proud man, famed glory's son,
In the short span we have to live,
Fame yields not, though the field be won,
The sweet content that love could give.

THE OLD CHEST.



THERE was an old chest, and it stood in our hall,
It was carved with quaint figures spread over it all;
They said it was oak, but the worms knew that best,
For they had its substance in daily request.

This chest was so high that I never could get,
Until somewhat grown, to the top of it yet;
But when I had climb'd, which with labour I did,
I was greatly surprised when I look'd on the lid,—

It was so rough and scratched, and so covered with
scars,

It looked just as if it had been in the wars;
It was all weather-beaten, and mould'ring away,
By neglect and hard usage fast going to decay.

Yet I liked to sit there on a calm summer night,
And see through the window shine forth the moon-
light;

And I thought when this light on the chest us'd to
gleam,

That it looked new again in the mild moonbeam.

My playmates all laughed at my old-fashioned seat,
They played all around me, and danced at my feet;
But I had more pleasure in trying to read
And explain those quaint figures, my fancy to feed.

Then I longed much to know what there could be
inside,

And inquir'd,—but my question all seemed to deride;
I was answered in haste, while away they all turned,
“Some old musty papers that ought to be burned.”

Then I sought for the key, which, when I had found,
With great care and patience I made to turn round;

I found not, indeed, any silver or gold,
But treasures of wisdom I there did unfold.

There were maxims of prudence to guide me in youth,
And precepts to keep me in honour and truth ;
There were stories to warn me, examples to fear,
The fruits of experience, all purchas'd too dear.

Then I thought, if the young would thus deal with
the old,

What warnings from danger they then might be told ;
And scarce could the waves of this life overwhelm,—
They would not put to sea without pilot or helm.

PARTING.



WE met upon an April morn,
When spring flowers gay the fields adorn;
The primrose pale, and blossom'd thorn,
Were sweet when I met thee, dear friend.

That month of sunshine and of tears,
Apt emblem of the coming years,
Of short-liv'd hopes and anxious fears,
That I shall pass for thee, dear friend.

How gay, how careless, was my lot,—
If sorrow came, 'twas soon forgot;
The passing friend, remembered not,
Before I met with thee, dear friend.

But welcome change, oh ! far more sweet
Than all the pleasures I could meet,
Or monarchs kneeling at my feet,
To be beloved by thee, dear friend.

Yes, kindred spirit, here below,
Though grief unceasing I may know ;
And every pleasure must forego,—
'Tis joy that I met thee, dear friend.

Trav'lers along the narrow way,
We talk'd of Him, our hope and stay ;
Oh ! bliss to meet, e'en for a day,
A friend to truth, like thee, dear friend.

We part ; but He who cares for all,
Without whose will no sparrows fall,
Can from the ends of earth recall,
And give thee back to me, dear friend.

THE LIVING SORROW.



Poor faithful maid! her lover's gone,—
For cruel Death has made them part;
While here, he liv'd for her alone,
And died, her image in his heart:
Yet far more bitter tears are shed
For the living than the dead.

If he had lived to be untrue—
To cast her gentle love aside;
Another heart to win and woo,
And seek another for his bride:
Then far more bitter tears are shed
For the living than the dead.

Poor drooping widow, pale with woe,
She mourns the husband of her youth ;
He was her idol here below,—
The soul of honour, love, and truth :
Yet far more bitter tears are shed
For the living than the dead.

He might have lived to be unkind,
To selfish passions give the rein ;
To all her sweet attractions blind—
Her power to please be all in vain :
Then far more bitter tears are shed
For the living than the dead.

Poor mother, weeping o'er her child,
The promis'd joy of coming years ;
She mourns her loss in accents wild,
And bathes its lifeless form with tears :
Yet far more bitter tears are shed
For the living than the dead.

For had he liv'd her heart to break,
Bring to her cheek the flush of shame,
Or her declining years forsake
To roam the world for wealth or fame :
Then far more bitter tears are shed
For the living than the dead.

Much sorrow 'tis our lot to prove,
And various are the shafts it sends—
Ingratitude and wounded love,
Or Death removing dear-loved friends :
But far more bitter tears we shed
For the living than the dead.

FANCIES AND FEELINGS.

LOVE'S ATTENDANTS.

I saw thee and loved thee—what else could I do?
Thy form and thy features so sweet to my view;
No love didst thou give me, but yet thou wert kind,
And Hope is deceitful, and Love it is blind.

These two both together persuaded my heart,
That I might gain your love, and we never should
part;
But all was delusive—my sorrow is deep,
I have parted with Hope, but my Love I will keep.

When I culled for you flowers, how sweet did you
smile!

Hope sprang to my bosom, and cheered me the while;

Love there long had reigned, and cast o'er me his
spell,—

They both came together, with me now to dwell.

So sweet were those guests that I wished them to
stay,

And rejoiced in their sunshine at night as in day,
Till they brought in two demons, my peace to de-
stroy,

To rob me of happiness, comfort, and joy.

Hope said that she should be attended by Fear,

And Love must have Jealousy always quite near;

I looked in your eyes to know what course to take,—

They bade me for ever with Hope now to break.

Those eyes, they looked cold as this sentence I read;

They counselled me also to take, in Hope's stead,

Despair, to walk ever at Jealousy's side,

To guard Love from Hope, till the latter had died.

AVARICE.



LITTLE, wrinkled, shrivelled demon,

With the keen eye;

Thy skin the colour of a lemon,

When hard and dry.

Av'rice, thy name, thy look is sour,—

So all men say;

Yet there are some who own thy power,

And sovereign sway.

These are so enamoured of thee,

That, for thy sake,

All other love and joy they flee—

Their world you make.

They shun the social ties of men,
With thee to live,
In some obscure and sordid den,
Where nought they give.

And there the pastime is each day
To reckon gold,
And watch it, lest it fly away
On wings too bold.

Offspring of Covetousness dire,
And selfishness;
But far more hateful than thy sire,
For none you bless.

Men covet oft for some high aim,
Or some lov'd one;
But Av'rice heeds not love or fame
But gold alone.

FRIENDSHIP.



FRIENDSHIP, thou hast all the world deceived
Thou who art thought the source of so much good—
Proffer'd by all—thy name by all received,
Because thy nature is not understood.

To be a friend, how free should be the mind
From love of self—that foe to love of man—
And from weak Prejudice, whose fetters bind—
For where it sways, true Friendship never can.

For we our friends should not, though all forsake,
When stung by self-reproach—the slave of Sin;
Nor let stern Justice now the guidance take,
But sooth, restore, and lead him back again.

Our purse, our time, be his in grief or joy ;
Be forward ever to defend his fame ;
And though his cold neglect may oft annoy,
Yet he should find us ever still the same.

This, with the daily offices of love,
Given as his right unceasing, to the end ;
When absence, length of time, our truth shall prove,
Then who can say that he has been a friend.

ON READING A POEM BY HENRY KIRKE
WHITE.

SWEET, youthful bard, thy gentle Muse
Had decked the world with kindred hues ;
For if its falsehood thou hadst known,
Thou wouldst not grieve to be alone.

In early life we are so dear,
The tender object of such care—
Our parents' love so fondly shown,
They leave us not to grieve alone.

We take them as the type of all
On whom we have a right to call;
To love us also when they're gone,
And leave us not to grieve alone.

But sad experience proves this truth,
As we advance from early youth,
No other love can e'er atone,
For we are left to grieve alone.

All other love with us to stay
Depends on what we do or say;
That, scarce we catch it, than 'tis flown,
And we are left to grieve alone.

And when the social circles meet,
How little there of converse sweet!
All are to such detraction prone,
'Tis better far to be alone.

Our books, our thoughts, the birds and flowers,
The verdant fields, the shady bowers—
The mind in sweet harmonious tone—
We shall not grieve to be alone.

From thee, dear youth, who were so blest,
With such resources in thy breast,—
We should not hear this plaintive moan,
Nor hear thee grieve to be alone.

CONTENTMENT.



CONTENTMENT is a smiling maid,
Who sings the whole day long;
Her blooming cheek will never fade,
For she looks always young.

She sits upon a rustic seat,
Close to her cottage door,
Her scanty fare in peace to eat—
For she is always poor.

There, clad in homely, mean attire,
No better does she seek,—
She feels for wealth no fierce desire,
For she is always meek.

She pities those who toil and drudge,
And thinks them very blind;
Would share her crust, and never grudge—
For she is always kind.

And for Misfortune's awful curse
She has this healing balm—
Things might have been a great deal worse—
So she is always calm.

She ne'er indulges vain regret,
Nor fears life's ills to meet;
It is such foolishness to fret—
Her temper always sweet.

Though losing all her little wealth—
To poverty consigned—
She says if she is spared her health,
She'll always be resigned.

When thieves prowl round to scare men's sleep,
And take their gold away,
She, never having gold to keep,
Is then, as always, gay.

When foaming floods and torrents roar,
By storm and tempest raised,
She moves her seat inside the door,
And is, as always, pleased.

So runs her harmless twilight day,
No baleful passions moved;
And friends for ever near her stay,
For she is always loved.

From her no censure need they fear,
Nor with them fault to find—
Content their little faults to bear,
Or to be always blind.

But all great things achieved on earth,
Where imperfections reign,
To Discontent have owed their birth,
For better things to gain.

RESIGNATION.

MEEK Resignation, great art thou !
That pensive mien and thoughtful brow
Reveal a tale of conflicts past,
Where thou victorious were at last.

No Stoic thou, for in that breast
The deepest feelings had their rest ;
There Love and Joy have held their sway,
And made perpetual holiday.

Soft Pity's tear, sincere and true,
Did oft that gentle cheek bedew ;
But high resolve and purpose firm
Can half the ills of life disarm.

And when great sorrow pierced her soul,—
Her feelings under great control,—
She rose from underneath the stroke,
To meekly bear the bitter yoke.

She sought not Apathy's dull aid,
But took Exertion for handmaid,
And sought, by healing other's grief,
For her's to find a sure relief.

Oft in the watches of the night
A form she sees, serenely bright ;
She hears a voice, her ear doth charm,
Which sends her blood in currents warm.

Then, buried forms of love and truth,
 Arrayed in all the grace of youth,
Open the chambers of the brain,
 By Mem'ry's power brought back again.

But morning comes, with its sweet air,—
 She drives away those visions fair,
And, to her steadfast purpose true,
 Inquires what there is yet to do.

In busy scenes and active life,
 Engaging in the world's great strife,
With all our powers our time employ,
 Then Resignation we enjoy.

JUSTICE.



STERN Justice—so named,
For it is defamed,
And always is blamed

By those in the wrong :
Benevolence kind
Is more to their mind,
For excuses 'twill find,
And bears with them long.

The spendthrift so gay,
Who riots all day,
Has nothing to pay
His poor creditor's bill ;

Is pitied, forsooth,
For those faults of his youth,
When, in justice and truth,
All with anger should fill.

The creditors cruel
May take water-gruel,
Have no shelter or fuel,
To keep them from cold ;
They ask but their own,
And seek that alone,
For work they have done,
Or goods they have sold.

What an outcry is made
When these low men of trade
Insist on being paid,
And no mercy will grant !
They will seize all they have
And leave them to starve,
Their own children to save
From the horrors of want.

Yet, if farther they spend
Than their incomes extend,
They know in the end

To this pass they must come ;
But they drink, and they eat,
And their creditors cheat,
For Benevolence sweet,
May provide them a home.

But friends, though so good,
If they understood !

Those creditors rude

Have a far juster claim
To their sympathy's aid,
If they never were paid ;
And beggars were made,
Though they were not to blame.

The confusion that reigns
In this world of sad pains ;
And is often the means,—

We scarce know right from wrong,—

That pity is felt,
And tears for those melt,
Who, if justice were dealt,
To a prison belong.

If Justice had might,
And all had their right,
Then seldom the blight
Of such evil we'd see,
As culprits caressed,
The honest oppressed,
And rogues finely dressed
In borrowed plumes be.

THE SISTERS.



THREE lovely sisters graced the earth,
But half their charms are fled ;
They grew together from their birth—
But one, alas ! is dead :—

Sweet Poetry, who gave to Thought
A language bright and pure,
And clothed the images she brought
In verse that might endure.

She sought her food in woods and fields,
Beneath the azure skies ;
The lovely scenes which Nature yields
Were rapture to her eyes.

She listened to sweet tales of love
And stories of romance ;
How gallant knights did valour prove,
Which could her soul entrance.

She told her tales with such sweet grace,
That Painting's skilful hand
Essayed those glowing words to trace,
That they might time withstand.

And Music, too, her lyre awoke,
And sung them to its strains ;
With such sweet melody she spoke,
That soon all hearts she gains.

But thirst for wealth has changed the scene—
Her sylvan haunts are gone ;
For smoke has stained the tender green,—
The flowers and birds have flown.

For noisy towns with chimneys high,
That vomit out their smoke,
Obscured the azure of the sky,
The rays of sunshine broke.

Black engines, rushing in their flight,
Threw all romance aside;
So Poetry abhorred the sight,
She sickened, and she died.

And her sweet songs are heard no more,
But calculations deep,
How wealth may add unto its store,
Or how that wealth to keep.

Now Painting can no more rehearse,
Nor bring sweet scenes to view;
And Music, married unto verse,
Must soon be silent too!

And thou, rude man, this gentle friend
Thou must ere long regret ;
Thy sordid nature she could bend,
And nobler thoughts beget.

Who covets wealth must bear the pains
Of strife, and smoke, and din ;
The Poet lives where quiet reigns,
With gentle peace within.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

FALSE friend, I forgive thee the treacherous part
Thou hast acted to honour and me ;
Thou didst open the door of my credulous heart,
Hast stolen all its secrets with them to depart ;
They were hoarded from all but from thee.

I will not avenge all the evil thou'st wrought,
Nor upbraid thee for what thou hast done ;
The grief to my bosom thy falsehood has brought,
The cold dreary lesson by thee I've been taught,—
That my faith in man's honour is gone.

But, forget all,—oh ! no, I could never forget
The pleasure and pain thou hast given ;
How sweet were the moments each day that we
met,—
How sad was our parting, I think on it yet,
Though by far greater grief I've been riven.

How soothing to pour all my grief in thine ear,
And be sure of kind sympathy's sigh ;
How keen was the anguish, how bitter the tear,
When I found thou wert false, whom I still held so
dear,—
I wished at that moment to die !

Those painful impressions we cannot efface,
Nor the traces they leave on the brain;
But to wrathful emotions I must not give place,
Or, if sorrow o'ertake thee, avert a cold face,
Nor return thee thy evil again!

TO MEMORY.

IN this sad hour of woe,
Reeling beneath the blow—
The present sunk in gloom,
All dark my future doom;
Oh! soothe, sweet Memory,
Dear, faithful Memory,
My breaking, breaking heart.

Bring back my childhood's years,
Unstained by bitter tears ;
The merry laugh so gay,
The happy holiday ;
Then soothe, sweet Memory,
Dear, faithful Memory,
My breaking, breaking heart.

Restore my joyous youth,
Guarded by love and truth ;
When first I heard that voice,
And loved my early choice ;
Oh ! soothe, sweet Memory,
Dear, faithful Memory,
My breaking, breaking heart.

Give me my wedded life,
When, as a happy wife,
No sorrow could I fear,
Upheld by one so dear ;

Then soothe, sweet Memory,
Dear, faithful Memory,
My breaking, breaking heart.

Oh ! bring the mother's joys,
My smiling girls and boys ;
These flowers of life are gone,
And I am left alone ;
Oh ! soothe, sweet Memory,
Dear, faithful Memory,
My breaking, breaking heart.

Yet, waking from these dreams,
More dark the present seems ;
Far better to forget,
The sun, for ever set ;
Then die, sweet Memory,
Dear, faithful Memory,—
Break, break, my bursting heart.

THE VISION OF HOPE.



WHEN you wandered from me
On the cold dreary sea,
And trusted the treacherous deep,
The winds they did roar
Through our lone cottage-door,
And your Mary did nothing but weep.

A report was soon spread—
You were lost, it was said,
And neighbours and friends all drew near,
By expressing their grief,
To afford me relief—
For great was my anguish and fear.

But in a few days,
To their no small amaze,
I began to look cheerful again—
The wise shook their head,
And good-naturedly said,
I should soon now look after the men.

But not men, dearest love,
Could have power to remove
That faithful affection from me ;
A woman, indeed,
Had come in my need,
And that woman preserved me for thee.

She came in the night,
When the stars were out bright,
And pointed to one in the sky ;
She had heard my sad moan,
But would see me alone,
For she hated all noise and outcry.

Then she whispered such words,
Like the singing of birds—

They were so cheerful and gay—
Your ship had been saved,
For the storm she had braved,
And I should behold you one day.

She charged me to keep
This secret so deep,
Within in my innermost heart,
For she could not appear
Till preceded by fear,
And what fear could indifference impart?

For my friends, though so kind,
Would be utterly blind
To her presence, so cheering to me;
Till some friend of their own,
Fear would whisper, is gone—
Then her sweet, beaming face they might see.

So I said not a word,
For I could not afford
That the vision I fondly believed
Should be torn from my eyes
By the prudent and wise,
And you see that I was not deceived.

THE MOTHER.

LITTLE, lifeless form,
Buried in the clay,
Sheltered from the storm
Of life's weary day,
Left alone when all depart,
Still lives within its mother's heart.

Still she sees those smiles,
 So innocent and gay—
Her sorrow it beguiles
 While those fancies stay ;
Though her tears for him oft start,
He lives enshrined within her heart.

As the years roll on,
 And boys are seen at play,
She images her son,
 Blithe and glad as they—
Gazes mute, and stands apart,
And looks for him in her fond heart.

He becomes a man,
 She leans upon his arm,—
Great the course he ran,—
 His affections warm :
And from her he ne'er can part,
For he lives within her heart.

A secret treasure there,
Hoarded for her alone—
Of his existence here
The memory is gone ;
This secret she will not impart,
That still he lives within her heart.

On her dying bed
Still this form is near,
Supports her drooping head,
Drops the filial tear ;
For, till Death has fixed his dart,
He exists within her heart.

THE SOILED WATERS.



THIS crystal river at its source

Is sweet and pure,

But, rolling on, acquiring force,

This can't endure ;

For when it leaves its mountain glen

To farther stray,

Near the abode of sordid men,

Those sweets decay.

First passing by the teeming farm,

Its streams pollute ;

The village next, where life doth swarm.

It then will suit,

The fact'ry town, where as it glides

With stealthy pace,

What filth its darkened bosom hides !

The sparkling grace

Its native rocks and mountains lent

Is turbid now ;

Ah ! pity that it ever went

To fall so low !

It never can again adorn

The rural scene—

Its breath contaminates the morn

Of May serene.

Thus winds its sluggish course along,

Like poisonous snakes,

Till in the ocean waves among

Its refuge takes.

There could a likeness here be drawn

To venturous youth,

Transparent in life's early dawn

From love of truth.

But, soil'd, receiving bad advice

From wicked men,

The feelings fine, the honour nice,

Are clouded then.

And so the mind becomes imbued
With passions base,
Each noble feeling quite subdued;
And we can trace
The ruin which their follies make,
And they are hurled,
When headlong youth such courses take
Through this bad world.

E N V Y .

“WHY doth my friend from me depart?”
“The envious heart.”
“But how have I his envy raised?”
“He heard you praised :”
“Then was his friendship insecure,
Since he could not my praise endure.”

“ Why good in me he can’t descry?”

“ The envious eye.”

“ My merit small, why envy me?”

“ You’ve more than he :”

“ Then better, merit not possess,—

It makes our friends esteem us less.”

“ Why am I slandered, though so young?”

“ The envious tongue.”

“ But I am free from guilt or shame.”

“ ’Tis all the same :”

“ Then it is to be understood

That envy stabs both bad and good.”

“ Why am I hated where most kind?”

“ The envious mind.”

“ But kindness some return should gain.”

“ ’Tis all in vain :”

“ Then no kind act, my love to prove,

The envious mind can ever move.”

“What can I love in this lone wild?”

“The little child.”

“But reason it, nor sense, has got.”

“It envies not:”

“Then reason, sense, are little worth,
Since envy is with them brought forth.”

TO HECTOR.

My faithful dog, those loving eyes
Express such honest feeling,
They say not you are learned or wise,
But free from double dealing.

Your heart is mine unto the end
Of your life's short probation;
I reckon on you as my friend,
Whate'er my rank or station.

No change in you I'll ever meet,
 Though old, or poor, or ugly ;
On bed of down, or hayloft sweet,
 We'll sleep together snugly.

With tail slunk in and head cast down,
 You see me full of sorrow ;
You fear that you have caused that frown,
 Or joy from you could borrow.

When rising slowly from my seat,
 To walk abroad so sadly,
The wholesome change with joy you greet,
 And skip before me gladly.

If joy a visit pays erewhile,
 And beam my eyes with pleasure,
Enough for you to see me smile,
 For 'tis your only treasure.

No envy fills your noble breast,
When men get all they sigh for;
If on your head my hand I rest,
This honour you could die for.

Ungrateful I for such fond love,
Neglect and spurn you often;
My hand you lick to try and move,
My stony heart to soften.

Oh men ! if we were like my dog,
So loving and true-hearted,
How calmly through the world we'd jog,
By little sorrow smarted.

DIFFICULTIES.



A DISTANT hill in my dear land
 Appeared so steep and high,
That like a wall it seemed to stand,
 Whose summit touched the sky.

Its shadow, frowning o'er the plain,
 Obscured the cheerful light ;
No hope it gave a path to gain
 To climb the dizzy height.

But just as we approached the base,
 And felt inclined to stop,
A narrow path we then could trace,
 That led unto the top.

With eager step, and panting breast,
We climbed the steep ascent;
The goal in view, we took no rest—
Got courage as we went.

And now the summit high we gained,
And smiling looked around,
Repose and quiet o'er all reigned,
The view no objects bound.

Thus difficulties seem to rise,
When distant forms they take,
They tower and swell before our eyes,
And sad disquiet make.

But nearer when those ills we meet,
If right the path we keep,
Like mountains, when we reach their feet,
We find them not so steep.

CONSTANCY.



WHEN day is declining,
That pale star is shining,
I think of thee.
For in that hour so sweet,
Hasting with bounding feet,
My loved one I used to meet,
Welcomed by thee.

When darkness spreads over,
And all things doth cover,
I think of thee;
Recall thy words of love,
Thy honest truth to prove,
My tender thoughts to move,
Uttered by thee.

And with the dawn waking,
My pillow forsaking,

I think of thee.

How sweet was Love's young morn,
When such fond hopes were born,
That could life's path adorn,
If shared with thee.

When noon's sun is gleaming,
O'er all things is streaming,
I think of thee :

Think of the grateful shade
Thy love had o'er me made,
Making life's ills to fade,—
Guarded by thee.

Thus on whom my heart doated,
Each hour is devoted
To think of thee.

Waking fond memory's train,
Living the past again,
Soothing the tender pain
I feel for thee.

HAPPY OLD AGE.

As warriors, when the field is won,
Or actors, when their part is done,
As labourers at the set of sun
May take their lawful rest:—
So Old Age, when his day is o'er,
May calmly sit before his door,
Rejoice that he need work no more,
And smile at life's dull jest.

Like citizen, whose fortune made,
Retires to seek the quiet shade ;
The turmoil of his life allayed .

By calm and sweet repose :—

So Old Age leaves the busy scene,
Where bustling actor he has been ;
Enjoying rest, on staff doth lean,
Surveys life's cares and woes.

He feels that all he strove to gain,
And took such trouble to obtain,
Gave little pleasure, oft great pain,

When what he sought he won.

So, having seen life's bubbles break,
Is glad those trifles he can't seek,
Nor join the race of folly's freak,
For he that race has run.

No forms of state need he observe,
Nor tyrant fashion try to serve,
From all her laws he now can swerve,
And seek himself to please.

The hours are his, how to employ,
Few censure him, or would annoy :
So now at length, he may enjoy
True liberty and ease.

No passions dark can he inspire,
No envious pang or jealous ire,
Nor love's nor hate's consuming fire
Can now their victim find ;
And seeing in these fields below
No fruit for him will ever grow,
He opens with a cheerful glow
The storehouse of the mind.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.



My garden, fairest in the land,
Is full of fragrant flowers ;
I love their sweets,—admiring stand,—
So pass my leisure hours.

Nor idly stand, for in their bloom
A page of life I read :
My flowers not only yield perfume,
But thus my fancy feed :—

This little, sweet, but fragile thing,
Which blooms but for a day,
Reminds me of life's infant spring,
When quickly called away.

These opening buds gave promise fair,
Till torn by the rude blast ;
So Youth's sweet promise vice will tear,
Ere vernal life has past.

Some flowers preserve their charming grace
In winter's chilly days ;
So Age oft wears a cheerful face,
And Youth's warm heart displays.

The rose, so lovely to behold,
Conceals its thorns from view :
So, beauty we are often told,
Has many thorns too.

The homely sun-flower shows the grace
Of constancy so rare ;
To one loved object turns its face,
In clouds or sunshine fair.

These tender flowers, that close their bells,
When shade of night comes on,
Of those true hearts the story tells,
When all they loved is gone.

These tulips some so highly prize,
No merit they possess,
But that which charms all vulgar eyes,
The splendour of their dress.

Some plants, which rough and coarse appear,
A healing balm contain :
So tender hearts too often wear
Stern looks, which cause great pain.

Thus Nature, in her volume wide,
Instructs in many ways :
My pretty flowers at eventide
Reflection's food conveys.

THE GRASSY SEAT.



A GENTLE bard the Sofa sung;
The Arm-chair, too, with verse has rung :
I sing the soft and grassy Seat,
Where violets grow, with daisy neat.

A spreading beech, its branches made,
From rain or sun, a pleasant shade ;
Oh ! had it through life's stormy scene
A shelter from its sorrows been !

No thought like this could entrance find
Within my childhood's happy mind—
When, bounding from my tasks, set free,
That seat was the whole world to me.

I sat there with my parents kind,
Whose tender words still soothe my mind—
Brothers and sisters with me played
Ere from our home their footsteps strayed.

I sat there full of hope and fear
When youth began its bright career;
Ambition then had fired my breast—
That tranquil seat gave welcome rest.

I sat there at my loved one's feet—
Declared my hopes, had answer sweet;
How bright the sun appeared that day—
The flowers so fresh, the birds so gay!

I sat there with a gentle bride,
Who smiled and carolled by my side;
I've seen my children playing there,
Ruddy with health, so bright and fair.

I sit there now a lone old man—
Through varied scenes my course I ran ;
Yet, as in childhood's hours of glee,
That seat is all the world to me.

And well it were if men retain
When stormy passions end their reign,
Which scorched them with their fiery dart
One little green spot in their hearts.

A CHILD WITH FLOWERS.

PRETTY objects flock together,
Like birds of a feather—
Lovely children, blooming flowers,
Agree with sunny hours.

But do not wear the rose, dear child—

Thou art the sweet rose wild ;

But bear no thorn, nor feel a thorn

In this thy life's gay morn.

Take violets sweet, the primrose pale,

The lily of the vale,

And thy own flower do not forget—

The scented mignonette.

Little eyebright thou hast got—

Take true forget-me-not ;

The modest harebell, cowslip neat,

Pansy, with woodbine sweet.

These are thy flowers, dear artless one—

And meet for those alone

Who, loving Nature's simple dress,

Her simple joys possess.

No gaudy tulip, flaunting rose,
Should thy pure wreath compose ;
These flowers of art may suit the throng,
In glittering crowds among.

So may thy life's companions be
From such vain glory free ;
Modest and simple in their taste,
Nor all on glitter waste !

LOVE NOT.

I WISH to lead a quiet life,
With little care, or toil, or strife ;
And to enjoy this easy mind,
The only way on earth, I find,—
Let no one near the heart.

I see from all those various ties,
Twined round the heart, great pains arise;
One string pulls here, another there—
The heart is torn with so much care,—

Let no one near the heart.

If to my heart a form should steal,
For all his sorrows I then feel;
Dear knows, it is enough to bear
The grief that falls to our own share,—

Let no one near the heart.

And to his heart I might not get,
Nor for my sorrows he won't fret;
So each approach I'll safely keep,
And guard myself from feelings deep,—

Let no one near the heart.

Then master of myself I'll be,
Things as they are, I then can see,—

My feelings calm, my judgment cool,
And act no longer like a fool,—
Let no one near the heart.

For when in that secure retreat
A mortal being takes his seat,
A tyrant he becomes to me,
His abject slave, no longer free,—
Let no one near the heart.

He then deprives me of my sight,
That I can't see what's wrong from right—
Leads me about, poor silly ape,
That from his fetters can't escape,—
Let no one near the heart.

To none on earth I'll give this power,
I make the vow this very hour;
No one is worthy of such love,
None with such power the heart should move,—
Let no one near the heart.

Be kind to all, be just and true,
Give to each one the honour due ;
But, hang me ! if my heart, now free,
The home of any one shall be,—
Let no one near the heart.

CHEERFULNESS.

WHAT art thou like to, say,
Dear smiling maid ?
To a green field in May,
With daisies and cowslips gay ;—
But this will soon fade.

Or to sweet birds that sing
On scented spray,
Or soaring on the wing,
Through the fresh air of Spring ;—
But they fly away.

Or to the sun at morn,
So bright and pure ;
Which doth all things adorn
When the new day is born ;—
But clouds will obscure.

Unlike these changeful things,
From thee, sweet maid,
Domestic comfort springs,
Thy smile such pleasure brings ;—
But without a shade.

MATCHES.

THE flowers in this gay parterre
Are mixed in bright array ;
The colours blend in beauty rare,
Yet all so well agree.

And pluck them singly from their bed,

What beauty we can trace :

One is so sweet, or bright, or red,—

Each has its proper grace.

But if two flowers you wish to wear,

To match the colours try ;

Neglecting this, the lovely pair,

Their brilliant colours, die.

But suiting all, the modest green

Adorns, or shelters deep ;

Amongst green leaves the rose is seen,

Or humble violets peep.

So in our social circle round,

How various those we meet !

But where a wish to please is found,

It makes the converse sweet.

And all have their peculiar charm,
So pleasing in our eyes :
One is so kind, with feelings warm,
Another witty, wise.

But if amongst them, two we find
Unite to pass life's day ;
Unmatched the colour of their mind,
Paired, but not matched, are they.

Some tempers, like the humble green,
Can suit themselves to all ;
Yielding and gentle they are seen,
But prompt at duty's call.

And you who in your walk through life
Would a companion choose,
Seek this sweet mind, for fear of strife,
Or one of kindred hues.

TEARS.



REFRESHING tears,
Genial like rain;
Calming our fears,
Cooling the brain.

Hope's tender flowers,
Of priceless worth,
These gentle showers
Will now bring forth.

The parched-up field,
Scorched by the heat,
Will verdure yield,
When rain falls sweet.

This is denied

To arid plains ;

The prospect wide

Sterile remains.

So the seared heart

No softening knows ;

The tear can't start

To soothe its woes.

Sweet outward sign

Of feelings deep,

And texture fine

Of those who weep.

THE DYING CHILD.



My little, dying child,
Those eyes, appealing mild,
Say I was all the world to thee,
As thou wert the whole world to me.

I gaze upon those eyes
Ere the expression dies,
Lest I should lose one look of thine,
That tells me, still the treasure's mine.

Soon thou wilt cease to live,
No look thy mother give;
Thy fever'd hand no longer press,
Thy throbbing head no more caress.

Oh ! mothers, how we feel
When Death our treasures steal !
Far better never to have seen
Those little forms, or mothers been !

For if Death stayed his dart,
Still, thou and I must part ;
The busy world would take my place,
And other love thy first efface.

And then new ties would come
To seek another home ;
The mother in the wife forgot,—
Oh ! weary is the mother's lot !

To Death, my rival now,
Unwilling captive thou ;
Content to nestle in my arms,
Where love for thee this bosom warms.

But all earth's treasures pain
When we possession gain ;
Anxious and fearful, lest we lose,—
When lost, all comfort we refuse.

PETS.

THE flower expands beneath the ray
Of genial sunshine bright,
The gentle shower of smiling May,
Or dew of summer night.

The noble horse, when kindly used,
A grateful love returns ;
His strength o'erwrought, beat, and abused,
His tyrant kicks and spurns.

Our pussy cat is now so tame,
Her coat it shines like silk,
Since she our household pet became,
And gets her bowl of milk.

I need not name man's trusty friend,
His dog, so true and kind,
To prove that love will ever tend
The grateful heart to bind.

With tender love the child we rear,
A little pet we make;
Its heart expands, it feels so dear,
The social ties awake.

But harshly treated, snubbed, and scorned,
The little heart rebels;
And if in time we are not warned,
In after life it tells.

Dear little ones, I feel for you,
Whose eyes such sorrow drowns,
Whose opening hearts and feelings true
Are crushed by sullen frowns.

I have lived long, and oft could trace
The woe unkindness deals,
But seldom saw a pet disgrace
The tender ties he feels.

TO THE DAWN.

OH! sweet lovely Dawn, so fresh and so pure,
With thy dark veil of clouds, thy light still obscure—
We are not ready thy face now to greet,
We are unworthy thy light now to meet.

We have been tossing on beds of care,—
How could we welcome thy presence fair?
We have in riot and guilt passed the night,—
How can we look at the glorious light?

The hours of darkness suit us best,
We are so weary, we long for rest;
We turn away from thee our languid eyes,
And long for the hour when the daylight dies.

How happy the days, when from sorrow free,
We watched for the Dawn with hope and with glee;
Stole to the window thy light for to trace,
Or climbed up the hill, to see thy sweet face.

Throw up thy veil, shine boldly out,
Where the lark hails thee with merry shout;
Where the flowers open their bosoms gay,
To greet thee with perfumes of rosy May.

Where the bright waters their green banks lave,
Reflecting thy light in their rippling wave ;
Where bird and beast, on verdant lawns,
Awake to new life, when the morning dawns.

Then waken the swain from his sound repose,
And cheer up his heart while to labour he goes,
Call forth the song of the milkmaid sweet,
As she trips with her pail, and the dew on her feet.

They are not ashamed to meet thy mild ray,
The repose of the night makes them fit for the day ;
The light is their treasure, they thrive with its
power,
And sweetly they sleep at the midnight hour.

THE TREACHEROUS DEEP.



Oh ! tranquil sea,
Like bright mirror shining ;
Why on that day,
Such horrors combining—

Why didst thou frown
On him, the true-hearted,
And hurl him down
Through waves when they parted ?

He came to bless
His faithful true maiden ;
To that heart press,
With love and truth laden.

Oh ! envious deep,
Restore me my lover ;
Where does he sleep ?
Bid thy waters discover.

Let us not part,
His bed shall be flowers ;
O'er his true heart
I'll rain tears like showers.

If that dear form
From these arms thou withhold,
Safe from the storm,
In thy caverns so cold,

There his tomb make
In a bright coral cave ;
Soft seaweed take
For his bed from the wave.

There in my dreams,
I will sit by his side,
Till morning beams,
Will be his young bride.

THE BREEZE.

A BREEZE escaped from Æolus' cave,
Flew forth in summer hours ;
It swept the fields with gentle wave,
It stole the breath from flowers.

The song of the sweet birds it bore ;
The hum of busy bees,
While seeking for their precious store ;
It waved the woodland trees.

O'er meadows sweet it then would pass,
The scene looked bright and gay ;
It caught the song of lad and lass,
When turning the new hay.

It glided down a river fair,
Which sparkled thus to meet ;
The rippling waves, like crystal clear,
Arose the breeze to greet.

It died away, for all was still,
The sunset shone like gold ;
Reflected from the distant hill,
Cloud over cloud was rolled.

The moon broke forth in splendour bright,
The earth seemed made for bliss :
The breeze sighed forth that lovely night,
“ How sweet a world is this ! ”

YOUTH AGAIN. !



I WISH that I were young again,
I was so happy then ;
So cheerful my mind,
For my friends were so kind,—
All seemed to love me then.

I wish that I were young again,
I was so merry then ;
My heart it was light,
For all things looked bright,—
I was not gloomy then.

I wish that I were young again,
I was so hopeful then ;

I dreamed of such bliss,

I was sure not to miss,—

I was so sanguine then.

I wish that I were young again,

I was so loving then ;

I thought all were true,

So I should be so too,—

I was not suspicious then.

I wish that I were young again,

I was so gen'rous then ;

I shared with my friend,

To give him, or lend,—

I did not worship gold then.

I wish that I were young again,

I was so healthful then ;

No aches in my bones,

None heard my sad moans,—

I took no physic then.

I wish that I were young again,
I was so active then ;
I climbed up a hill
With hearty good will,—
Without puffing or blowing then.

I wish that I were young again,
I looked so pleasing then ;
Joy beamed in my eye,
Which care soon made fly,—
I was not wrinkled then.

I wish that I were young again—
The world was before me then ;
I was busy and gay
In my life's vernal day,
And no past to grieve over then.

THE MEETING.



I WAIT for my love in her bower,
But Time, with his slow leaden feet,
Retarding the sweet evening hour
When my loved one and I were to meet.

She promised to come when the sun
Had sunk o'er the western hill,
But so slowly his course he has run
That he seemed all the day to stand still.

She's so true that I know she'll not stay,
And I think that I see her dear eyes,
While chiding the sun for delay,
Are fixed, like my own, on the skies.

See the flowers, they are closing their bells,
The birds, they are all flying home ;
Ah ! sweet ones, how truly this tells
That the hour of appointment has come.

The sun in his distant career
Heeds little the fond lover's sighs,—
The flowers and the birds, they are near,
And sweet consolation supplies.

But the sun, it has sunk down below,
And with truth in her sweet beaming face,
See my dear one, with peace to bestow,
Flies swift to her lover's embrace.

WOUNDED LOVE.



'Tis said that clouds of deepest dye

A silver lining wear,

And oft, when sailing in the sky,

Turn out this lining fair.

And so those clouds of darkest night,

Brought by misfortune's woe,

Have linings, too, of silver light,

Which they in time will show.

This gentle light, which steals behind,

Soft comfort to impart,

May soothe great sorrows of the mind—

Not those which touch the heart.

When wounded with this tender pain,
The heart the arrow bears;
And darkened shadows still remain,—
This cloud no lining wears.

THE RETURN HOME.

I LEFT my home in manhood's prime,
I roamed the world, a weary time,
But never could I find a place,
The thought of home could e'er efface.

I scraped, and worked, and toiled away,
And longed for that auspicious day
When I could cross the raging main,
And see my dear loved home again.

Sick of the world, its work and ways,
The selfishness which man betrays,
I sighed for those who could atone,
Who loved me for myself alone.

I pictured the sweet, glad surprise
That I should read in loving eyes,
The heartfelt joy, the welcome gay,
Making a merry holiday.

I stood at length upon that scene
The beacon of my heart had been ;
No welcome there I found that day,
The welcomers, ah ! where were they ?

The old were dead, the young were gone,
Like birds who from the nest had flown ;
The houses, fields, the woods, and land,
Were changed as by a fairy's wand.

I sought in vain, if I could trace
The dear loved spot, my own birthplace ;
The rosy bower, the tuneful grove,
Made sacred by the vows of love.

All were destroyed ; no place had they
But in my faithful memory ;
Those who gave life to each dear scene,
Long, long in the cold grave had been.

Oh ! you who long have strayed from home,
Back to its scenes, ah ! never come ;
No desert could with it compare,
The solitude that I felt there !

MERRY AND WISE.



OLD Sir Giles is merry and gay,

He laughs this trifle, life, away ;

He is as pleasant as the summer breeze ;

For old Sir Giles

Is full of smiles,

His face is like a sunbeam glancing through the trees.

Old Sir Giles looks always so young,

For he is healthy, and he is strong,

No gout or asthma give him any pain ;

And old Sir Giles

Can walk ten miles,

And when he comes back, could set out again.

Old Sir Giles is the young folks' friend,
With their frolics his humour can blend,
Such gentle good nature with him abides ;
For old Sir Giles
With arts and wiles,
Can make them laugh, till they split their sides.

Old Sir Giles, if blue devils you have got,
If he came in, he could make them trot,
His cheerful face would scare them all away ;
For old Sir Giles
All care beguiles,
Like the bright sunshine turning night to day.

Old Sir Giles, his secret is this,
Which makes all around him taste such bliss,
He looks on the sunny side, and shuns dull care ;
And old Sir Giles,
No gold he piles,
But shares it, and spends it, both honest and fair.

Old Sir Giles, he so loves peace,
All wars and quarrels he'd soon make cease,
His art in vain the kind lawyer tries ;
For Old Sir Giles
No bill he files,
So I think my friend is both merry and wise.

THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.

OH ! let me in thy mem'ry live,
Since thou to me no more can give ;
And let me to that gentle heart
Some comfort to its grief impart.

How blest my lot, to guide thy feet
To some secure and lone retreat,
Where I might all the ardour prove
Of an unchanging, faithful love !

But since, by cruel fate's decree,
No home like this remains for me,
Sweet thoughts of thee, for ever dear,
Shall gild for me life's dreary year.

When first our tender love began,
As swiftly the bright moments ran;
We built a castle in the air,
Adorned with all things sweet and fair.

Beneath a clear and azure sky,
And with each other ever nigh,
On verdant lawns, we placed our bowers,
With shady groves, sweet birds, and flowers.

Soft strains the distant echo woke,
Or gentle words the silence broke;
And balmy zephyrs stirred the grove—
Breathed sweet, for every breath was love.

Still let this tranquil home be thine,
Where thou canst still be only mine ;
No other guest can entrance gain,
No one can there my right obtain.

When weary of the world's false smiles,
Its empty show and treacherous wiles ;
Seek this abode of peace and truth,
Where dwells the lover of thy youth.

Repose and quiet thou shalt find,
Soft memory's pictures calm thy mind ;
There thou wilt see my loving eyes
Beam on thee, and all falsehood flies.

And should misfortune on thee fall,
Oh ! enter this enchanted hall ;
There thy true lover thou shalt meet,
To soothe thy woes in accents sweet.

And when to distant realms I go,
And taste life's sad and varied woe ;
This charmed home with me I'll bear,
Enter its courts, and meet thee there.

WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD.

Poor beating hearts,
That fluttered in their cage,
When life departs,
Die on their narrow stage.

By passions moved,
Trembling with hope and fears
For those they loved,
Sending up jets of tears.

Poor careworn brains,
 Toiling for wealth or fame,
Without their gains,
 Lie here with scarce a name.

The throbbing head,
 Bursting with anxious thought
On fevered bed,
 Only a grave has bought.

Poor busy hands,
 On whom the burdens fall
Of the demands
 From want's unceasing call,—

Are quiet now,—
 Those hands which broke the soil,
And held the plough,
 Rest from their weary toil.

Poor worn-out frames,
That sickness or old age,
The proud man tames,
Ere blotted from life's page.

Ungrateful thou,
O world, they loved, so blind !
Returned they now,
What welcome should they find !

The world goes on,
Its work can still be done,
When those are gone
Whose little race was run.

FIRST LOVE.



PRETTY blossom of the Spring,
Butterfly, that spreads its wing,—
Modest, pure, unselfish thing,
 Why so short thy stay?
Rosy dawn of op'ning morn,
In Fancy's chamber thou wert born;
The sweetest flower our steps adorn,
 Blooming but a day!

Anxious cares of coming years,
Brooding thought, with sighs and tears,
And alternate hope and fears,
 Obscure thy blushing light;

When sordid views the heart can move,
Or fiery passion, it will prove
That Self's the idol we call Love,
Without its radiance bright!

Oh! tender flame, too sweet to last
In this cold world, where thou wert cast
A stranger to its wintry blast,
And can no shelter find!

The heart where thou hast been a guest,
More glowing passions fill his breast;
He deems thy visit but a jest,
That pure spot in his mind!

Yet when life's sun has passed away,
And grosser passions end their day,
The heart, untrammelled by their sway,
Reverts with feelings fine
To a fair form he loves to greet,—
Who says in accents low, and sweet,
“Were any eyes you since did meet
To be compared to mine?”

THE OLD LOVE.



THE lover of my youth I've seen,—
We met as strangers we had been ;
Oh ! Time, thy power thou now hast proved,
To sever hearts that once so loved !

How much thy power we once defied
To turn such faithful love aside !
We thought no power could work such change,
Nor time nor chance our hearts estrange !

We said that time would only prove
The depth and ardour of our love,—
That the bright flame within our hearts
Gives out more heat when youth departs.

But those fond dreams, they passed away,
Those flowers of Spring soon felt decay;
For Time its blight upon them cast,—
With its cold breath they could not last.

And Time has stolen the clust'ring hair,
The beaming eye, the forehead fair;
The upright form, the step so light,—
The radiant smile, so frank and bright;

And left instead that careworn brow,
That heavy eye, so thoughtful now;
The stooping gait, from weight of years,
Pass'd lonely in this vale of tears.

Ah! had I been thy gentle bride,
And walk'd so sweetly by thy side,
Time should not have despoiled thee so,—
Love's shield would guard thee from this foe.

GOOD NIGHT.



SWEET love, the parting hour draws near,
The moon unveils her light;
Yet every moment seems more dear
Ere I bid thee good night.

The glorious sun has sunk away—
It set in splendour bright,
And to the sun of my sweet day
I soon must bid good night.

Sweet, gentle words, yet full of pain,
Since, banished from thy sight,
Darkness and clouds to me remain
When I bid thee good night.

They speak of peace and calm repose,
When anxious care takes flight,
But lasting are thy lover's woes
When he bids thee good night.

For darkness, doubt, and sorrow bear
With jealousy's sad blight,
Thy presence only calms my fear
Ere I bid thee good night.

Far from thy breast be all this care,
And gentle peace alight;
May all such grief fall to my share,—
Good night, sweet love, good night.

GOOD MORROW.



RISE, glorious Sun,
Shed forth thy radiant light,
Thy course to run,—
Chasing the clouds of night.

Clouds of despair
Fly swift before thy face;
Thy warm air
Tears shed at night erase.

I rise to greet,
And fresh hope to borrow,
My love to meet,
And bid her good morrow.

Like the sun's ray,
The glance from her bright eye
Sends Care away,—
His grim-faced demons fly.

Sweet hour of bliss,
In this world of sorrow—
A morn like this
To bid love's good morrow.

THE BLUSH.

THE tender blush on Mary's cheek,
When first I told love's tale,
Required not then her lips to speak
Her feelings to reveal.

It told me all I wished to hear,
It rose up from her heart,—
Where gentle love, and truth sincere,
Soft peace and joy impart.

So the sweet dawn, its blushing ray,
Proclaims in radiance bright,
It comes from the blest orb of day,—
The source of heat and light.

LOVE'S VISIT.

LIFE's early morn was bright to me,
For calm and peaceful was my lot;
Cheerful and busy as the bee,
And plenty smiled within our cot.

I rose with the sweet early dawn,
Rejoicing in the coming day ;
Light were my steps o'er dewy lawn,
And every month as blithe as May.

But, luckless hour, a lovely guest,
Tender and gentle as the dove,
Entered this home of peace and rest
In radiant form,—his name was Love.

With him came in a flood of light,
Which gilded all I chanced to meet,
The sun itself appeared more bright,
The birds and flowers more gay and sweet.

But Love's short visit soon was o'er,—
He left me to my lonely fate,
For all those scenes I loved before
Seem dreary now, and desolate.

No more I rise to greet the morn—

Its rosy light along the skies

Reminds me when young Love was born,

Who bade the dawn of hope arise.

The verdant meads, with prospect wide,

No more I tread their sparkling dew—

I see no loved one by my side,—

What is there now I care to view?

The flowers in vain their beauties rare,

And graceful forms, they now unfold,

I've seen a form so wondrous fair,

Their glowing tints seem faint and cold.

The birds, whose music fills the grove,

Their notes are discord to my ear,—

I've heard the melody of love

From a sweet voice, more soft and clear.

Oh! Love, if thou couldst with me stay,
Then blest again would be my lot,
And every month appear like May,
In palace or in lowly cot!

THE DYING SOLDIER.

BLEEDING and dying on the plain,
Hark the cry of victory;
That cry is balm to all my pain —
But will it comfort thee?

I fought, this joyful sound to hear,
I die, this hour to see;
But when the news to thee they bear,
Oh! who will comfort thee?

No chains around my limbs are thrown,

Thy soldier will be free ;

No chains he wore, but thine alone,

Ah ! let this comfort thee.

My comrades in this gallant fight

Shall crowned with glory be ;

But I'll not meet thy aching sight,

Then who can comfort thee ?

Dear native land, thy glorious name

Shall spread o'er land and sea ;

This day will add unto thy fame,

But will this comfort thee ?

Sweet, silent hour, I left my bride

Beneath the spreading tree ;

When honour called me from thy side,—

I tried to comfort thee.

At such an hour, oh ! seek this grove,
And from the false world flee,
Think of thy soldier's truth and love,
And this may comfort thee.

Though in my low and silent grave,
Yet all must now agree
I died as best becomes the brave,
And this will comfort thee.

THE MOONLIGHT WALK.

SWEET moon, that sheds her silver light;
Sweet stars, that shine in heaven so bright;
Sweet nightingale, that charms the ear;
Sweet murmuring river, soft and clear;

Sweet balmy air, that fans the brow ;
Sweet breath of flowers, so fragrant now ;
Sweet verdant turf, beneath the feet ;
Sweet tender hour, my love to meet ;
Sweet maid, who walks now by my side ;
Sweet words, as fast the moments glide ;
Sweet vows, my eager ears receive ;
Sweet eyes, that never could deceive ;
Sweet love, that dwells within our hearts ;
Sweet hope supreme, and fear departs.

Sweet sights, sweet sounds, sweet hope, sweet love,
Sweet youthful time, such bliss can prove ;
Sweet in our lives, for one short hour ;
Sweet to recall by memory's power.

THE THREE ESTATES.



THE true nobility is mind,
The patent is from nature's hand,
Th' ethereal spark we only find
Is given unto a chosen band.

Those mighty lords, bright genius' sons,
Though various all, in their degree,
Each in his own high orbit runs,
Which none can pass, to none is free.

These are the noble of the earth,
They sway the world, though poorly paid;
To them all great things owe their birth,
Monarchs and princes seek their aid.

The second class—a studious race,
Who watch the dawn of genius' day;
Its hidden footsteps they can trace,
And nature's gentlemen are they.

Their taste refined, their judgment clear,
Nor merit by detraction take;
Young genius casts away its fear,
Its strength, support, its hope they make.

The third estate—the common class—
Nor genius have, nor feel its powers;
Content if they can gold amass,
Eat, drink, or sleep away their hours.

In vain bright genius opes to view
A glimpse into its magic sphere;
Unless the path, if they pursue,
May lead to wealth, to them so dear.

Poor slaves ! so low their state is brought,
A life of bondage suits them well,
Shut out from that great world of thought,
Where science, taste, and fancy dwell.

Yet genius has its own sad woes,
And feels them in intense degree ;
Chill disappointment waits on those,
Their aspirations never see.

In life, the middle ranks, we find,
The greatest happiness enjoy ;
And so the middle class of mind
More pleasure tastes, with less alloy

TO SLEEP.



FANTASTIC, airy sprite,
Fell tyrant of the night,
In mischief you delight—
 No gentle nurse to me,—
Should I on turtle dine,
With extra glass of wine,
You spread your pinions fine,
 And swift away you flee.

I woo your presence sweet
In curtained bed, so neat,
Lie humbly at your feet
 To weigh my eyelids down;

You scorn my wish to please,
And laugh at my soft ease,
It doth your malice raise,—
You turn with scornful frown.

Yet will your presence lend,
When with some prosy friend,
Whose sorrows have no end,
I pass the weary day;
You hover o'er my head,
Making my eyelids lead
Hear no more than the dead
What he to me doth say.

When joy my heart elates,
And happiness creates,
I hope that, please the Fates,
You will to me be kind;
You leave me to my joy,—
That most capricious boy,—
Who is as shy and coy
As the inconstant wind.

If sorrow rends my heart,
No soothing friend thou art,—
You leave me with a start,
 As knife had pierced me through;
So that 'tis all in vain
A short repose to gain,—
'Tis but increase of pain
 To be so scared by you.

Joy or grief to thee
Are both alike, I see,—
Your visits must be free,—
 You will not be enthralled;
But come when you think fit,
And on my eyelids sit,
Nor will you stir a bit,—
 But will not come when called.

A VALENTINE.



THIS day, the harbinger of Spring,
When birds and flowers their beauties bring,
Preparing for the smiling May,
When Nature makes her holiday :—

Oh! may this spring-time of our love
The coming seasons but improve ;
May summer's sun and autumn's showers
Bring nought to thee but happy hours.

And winter, with its frost and rain,
No entrance to thy heart can gain,—
The sun of Love shall o'er thee shine,
For I'll be still thy Valentine.

TOO LARGE.



I WAS always too large since I came on this earth ;
Too large was our number the time of my birth ;
The money was small, and so great was the charge,
That no wonder my parents should think me too large.

I grew a big boy, my bed got too small,—
It seemed a reproach I was growing so tall ;
I outgrew all my clothes, and could scarce get them on,
So my mother she called me her long-legged son !

I was sent to a school where the diet was spare ;
The loaf it was cut with great neatness and care ;
I devoured with my eyes what my mouth was denied,
For too large was my stomach, the good mistress cried.

At length I was bound for to learn a good trade,
But scarce can tell why little progress I made ;
It was no use to teach me, my kind master said,
For I never could learn—too large was my head !

I set up a shop, with fair, honest intent,
The passers-by entered,—they came and they went ;
They toss'd all my goods, and declar'd they were nice,
But great pity it was, that too large was my price !

Still, with care, I of money soon gained a supply,
But the wants of my dear friends with wings made
it fly ;

All laughed at my folly, that with it I'd part,
And the comfort I got was, too large was my heart.

I was social and friendly, would share my last bit,
Was glad when a neighbour came with me to sit ;
But if at his table I e'er took a seat,
I felt always too large when I ventured to eat.

I saved a small sum for declining old years ;
My nephews and nieces, the sweet, lovely dears,
Say oft to each other, too large is the span,
That's allotted on earth to the frail life of man.

So I think I had better soon with a good grace,
Steal out of this world, and give up my place ;
But fear in the churchyard I'll meet the same doom,
For the sexton may there think I take too much room.

TEMPERANCE.

Soft peace and comfort here below,
Meek temperance ever can bestow ;
She keeps the passions in control,
Diffusing quiet through the soul.

Temperate our wishes and desires,
We thus escape the scorching fires
That wild ambition's votaries share,
Their sleepless nights, and days of care.

Temperate in pleasure, then we greet
With greater zest the welcome treat ;
Temperate in sorrow and in joy,
Temperate when trifles would annoy.

Temperate in temper and in tongue,
Serenely we might pass along ;
Not pushed and jostled on our way,
When adverse passions seek for sway.

Temperate in food, that source of health,
Of cheerful mind, of ease and wealth ;
Escaping thus each painful throe,
The glutton and the drunkard know.

Temperate in sleep, the morning air
Can well the waste of life repair ;
Temperate in labour as in rest,
A fair division suits us best.

Temperate in study, the poor brain
Too much of knowledge can't contain ;
But, like the bubble, it will break,
When high-flown regions we would seek.

We find, when all things we compare,
That we our own tormenters are :
And tranquil might we here abide,
If Temp'rance walk'd but at our side.

THE LONG ABSENT.



I SIT on this lonely sea-shore,
And wait my dear lover to greet;
Ah! shall I behold him once more,
The same love and truth shall I meet?

Here we parted long, long years ago,
Here we vowed to be constant and true;
Ah! love's eyes, soon the truth they will know,
For no falsehood escapes from their view.

The flame he awoke in this breast
Has burned like the clear vestal fire,
Bright and pure on the altar it blest,
Nor one moment allowed to expire.

I tended and watched day and night,
This flame, that to thee was so dear ;
I basked in its heat and its light,
Nor a stranger allowed to come near.

When I give thee the welcome embrace,
My heart then will bound to meet thine ;
No blush wilt thou see in my face,
But the bright flush of joy there will shine.

But if all thy vows are forgot,
If truth in thine eyes I'll not see,
And if that, thou lovest me not,
Oh ! dearest, then come not to me.

The flame which arose when we met,
To rekindle would all be in vain ;
If the sun of thy love once has set,
It never could light up again.

THE FAULTS OF OTHERS.



Poor mortals, erring as we go,
Making this earth a scene of woe ;
But far more grief each soon discovers,
He suffers from the faults of others.

Before the infant child is born,
His path's oft strewn with many a thorn
His parents' hands have planted there,
By vicious waste, or want of care.

And when from childhood he is hurled
To fight his way through this hard world,
He from indulgence spurns the yoke,
Or harshness has his spirit broke.

Oft he comes on the stage of life,
Radiant with hope, with talent rife ;
Pale envy all these hopes destroy,
Crushing the genius of the boy.

His warm affection, fresh and pure,
Seeking a love that may endure,
Is lavished on some vain coquette,
Whose falsehood he can ne'er forget.

And friendship too, he finds the same,
That it is but a pleasant dream ;
That love of self bears all the sway,
Friendship and love live but their day.

What humbling truths these facts disclose,
And bitter tears he sheds for those
He trusted, served, and warmly loved,
Ere time their utter falsehood proved.

This truth at least we all might learn,
That we our happiness must earn;
And if that object be our end,
We must upon ourselves depend.

SYMPATHY.

LIKE sunbeam in a dungeon's gloom,
That cheers the captive's joyless doom,
So Sympathy a ray imparts
To light the gloom of broken hearts.

Meek, tender, universal friend,
What comfort thy sweet voice can lend;
'Tis heard by every age and clime,
'Twill soothe unto the end of time!

Honour, or wealth, or titles fair,
Give little refuge to despair ;
The gentle tear on thy soft cheek
A language to the heart can speak.

Then let us not refuse to give
The only balm grief will receive ;
The wretched crave this boon alone,
Which costs but little when 'tis done.

Oh ! sad his fate, who, far from home,
And those he loves, is forced to roam ;
When pale misfortune draws the tear,
No sympathizing friend is near.

For seared and hardened must he be,
No charm in Sympathy can see ;
Feels no relief from her soft sigh,
And turns away from misery's cry.

THE INCONSTANT.



YES, thou wert false to me,
And broke my heart in twain;
But I never could forget thee,
Or ever love again.
I clung to thy sweet image,
Enchained within my heart;
The fetters closed around thee,
So thou couldst not depart.

I loved thee so sincerely,
I could not link thy name
To that which was deceitful,
Or was attached to blame.

I knew a spell was o'er thee,
That soon would pass away,
For from the path of honour
You never long could stray.

I thought upon our early love,
So like the dawn of morn,
When bright and glorious rose the sun,
And love's sweet day was born.
Though when the shades of eve came on,
It set in clouds and rain,
Yet well I knew, when night was past,
That it would rise again.

And thou hast risen again to me,
Not with the splendour bright
And glowing tints in which the sun
Displays his dazzling light :
But like the pale and tender moon,
When from a cloud she steals,
Dispels the darkness all around,
And her soft light reveals.

LOVE UNRETURNED.



I WATCH upon this dreary shore,
I tremble when the high winds roar,—
All this I do, and ten times more,
For him who never thinks of me.

I wake the watches of the night,
Yet hate to see the morning light,
Because he will not bless my sight,
Nor does he ever think of me.

My heart is torn with grief and fear ;
I shed for him the bitter tear,
For oh! he is to me most dear,
Although he never thinks of me.

Poor woman, here thy fate is sure,
Thy woes admit not of a cure,
Much for to feel, and to endure,
For those who never think of thee.

Yet it is noble thus to feel
Such tender love and so much zeal
For those who all thy miseries seal,
And never even think of thee.

When I am numbered with the dead,
And in the grave I lay my head ;
Upon my heart this may be read,
Alas ! he never thought of me !

OLD MAIDS.



No champion yet has ta'en the field,
In their defence, to man's disgrace;
For dear old maids the pen I wield,—
That most maligned, but noble race.

For, being endued with feelings nice,
They could not wed as others do,
But sought a heart that, free from vice,
Which they could love and honour too.

I had six sisters, who, in truth,
Were bright and sparkling as the Naiads,
And hearts each captured in their youth,
But yet they lived and died old maids.

My lovely Jane's poetic mind,
A hero for herself she drew ;
But she this hero did not find,
So to the sex she bade adieu.

But gentle Constance found a swain,
Her highest aspirations proved ;
But she was doomed to love in vain,
And so again she never loved.

Sweet, smiling Lucy's bright blue eye
Was dimmed by many a pearly tear ;
She saw her lover ling'ring die,
And long she wept his memory dear.

And Mary was a promised bride,
But her false lover proved untrue ;
When he was absent from her side,
Another bride he sought to woo.

Wise, prudent Fanny looked around,
Nor tempted was to change her lot;
Such cares in married life are found,
That she those cares encountered not.

Dear Bessy, busy as a bee,
The friend and comforter of all,
No time for courtship e'er had she,
Active and prompt at duty's call.

So my sweet sisters passed their days
In peace and undisturb'd repose;
Safe from the world's more rugged ways,
Without its cares and many woes.

Ye married dames, who walk in state,
With scorn your single sisters view,
Were they content with such a mate
As you have got, had married too.

Some marry fools for rank or gold,
Some marry, they a wife may be;
My vestal friends were never sold
To pass their days in slavery.

TO MY MOTHER.

—◆—

MOTHER, I've passed a weary day,
With so much work, so little play,
Since that sweet hour, at morning tide,
I sported gaily at thy side;
When, forced thy sweet smiles to forego
My bursting heart was filled with woe,
And when returned, I sought the place
Where I should see thy loving face,—
I looked around thy garden fair,—
In vain I sought,-- thou wert not there—

On distant journey thou hadst gone,
And left me in this world alone;
Without thy hand to guide my youth
With the soft rein of love and truth,
I passed the hours in care and strife,
And wasted thus my day of life
In love and hate, in hope and fears,
A few short smiles, and many tears.
The sun has set, the night comes on,—
Oh! mother, soothe thy weary son!
Ah! might I on that gentle breast
But lay my head, and sink to rest,
Feel thy soft breath upon my cheek,
And words of comfort hear thee speak;
See truth once more in those dear eyes,
Not like the world, where falsehood lies:
With all its boast and speeches fine,
I never knew a love like thine.

MARRIED LIFE.



“ Oh ! Bessy, we have married been
A twelvemonth yesterday,
But little comfort have we seen,—
What is the reason ?—say.”

“ The reason plain I long have known,—
It cost me many a sigh,—
That we’re not suited can be shown,
And that’s the reason why.”

“ We are not suited, would you say ?
You make a slight mistake,
You are not suited, to this day
A proper wife to make.”

“ Have patience, and I will explain
Why we cannot agree,
Nor higher merit seek to gain,
But each the truth to see.”

“ You are so hasty in each word,
Extravagant and gay,
You spend more than I can afford
In hospitality.”

“ And you, so sullen and so cross,—
You neither give nor lend,
Are never at a farthing loss
To entertain a friend.”

“ You talk too much, and tell your mind,
Nor can a secret keep ;
You fuss all day for dust to find,
Do nought but brush and sweep.”

“ You are so silent, you can’t throw
A word to a poor dog ;
No care on neatness you bestow,
But live just like a hog.”

“ Oh ! why did we e’er chance to wed ?
To plague each other’s life,—
Make for ourselves so hard a bed,
And live in care and strife.”

“ Oh ! rather say, if we were wise,
To make each difference blend,
The happy mixture we might prize,
And be each other’s friend.”

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.



ALL around are sleeping,
I wake, my vigil keeping ;
At length from busy cares set free,
I now can give the hours to thee.

Thick darkness is all round,
And hushed is every sound ;
Fond memory, wide thy portals fling,
My buried love, oh ! quickly bring.

Light dawns amid the gloom,
And flowers breathe forth perfume ;
The tuneful lark mounts up on high,
And soars beneath that azure sky.

Clasped by that faithful hand,
We thus admiring stand;
All nature looks so wondrous bright,
For all around within is light.

Tender, and soft his words,
Like the sweet song of birds ;
I hail the joy of coming years,
Nor dream they will be steeped in tears.

Now rises this world's sun,
My midnight has begun ;
Soon in this dark world I must be,
And, sweet love, bid farewell to thee.

LOVER'S QUARREL.



JENNY said to Jock,

“When shall we be married?

You seem with me to mock,

I so long have tarried.”

Jock he made reply,

With a look so funny,

“Wait till by and by,

Till I earn some money.”

“Waiting’s such a bore,

You do not love sincerely;

Whether rich or poor,

I’d love you as dearly.”

“What are we to eat?

How are we to get on?

Will love buy bread and meat,

Or table it to set on?”

“You should have thought of that,

Ere for bride you sought me;

As mouse is watched by cat,

You watched until you caught me.”

“I watched to gain a prize,

To love and cherish dearly;

Such hope before my eyes,

I'd work both late and early.”

“Do not think I'll wait,

Till you are old and ugly;

Dick has a house so neat,

And lives therein so snugly.”

“Is that the tack you’re on ?
Farewell, you do not love me ;
I’d wait a year, and none
Have power to tempt me from thee.”

“But I’m not such a fool,
Nor will longer tarry ;
When love begins to cool,
Is not the time to marry.”

WOOING.

Love, he came to me with flowers,
Dancing in the summer hours ;
Decked for me sweet fragrant bowers,
For he came to me with flowers.

Ah! I said, these flowers will fade,
And those lovely bowers you made;
By the storm they may be laid,
And your pretty flowers will fade.

Then Love came in beauty's grace,—
Faultless was his form and face—
Nature's perfect masterpiece,—
For he came in beauty's grace.

Ah! Nature at such work has been
On the outside, that I ween
Nought inside there can be seen,—
That Nature much at work has been.

Then Love came in dress so fine,
Every art he could combine;
Thinking now she will be mine,—
For I look so gay and fine.

Ah ! yourself you but admire,—
Glittering show is your desire ;
'Twill not maintain Love's ardent fire,
For yourself you but admire.

Then Love came with thoughtful look,—
All day long he read his book,
Which his whole attention took,
And he had a thoughtful look.

Ah ! I fear you are too wise,
And poor me you would despise ;
I'd be nothing in your eyes,
And for me you are too wise.

Then Love came with brow severe,
Seeking wealth,—his only care ;
Toiling through the seasons fair,
And he had a brow severe.

Ah ! no time to me you'd give, —
Lone and dreary I should live, —
Your dregs of life I should receive,
For no time to me you'd give.

Then Love came with bags of gold,
Which he bade me to behold,
But the hand was hard and cold
With which he clutched his bags of gold.

Ah ! that gold it will not buy
The merry heart, the beaming eye ;
Those who have it often sigh,
For content it will not buy.

Then with flowers again came Love,
But amidst his chaplet wove
Beauty, learning, gold to move, —
Thus with flowers again came Love.

Though in less degree combined,
Greater charms in them we find ;
Than, if one passion filled the mind,
Far more charms when thus combined.

TO A CHILD.

CLOSE, pretty eyes, unstained by tears,
And rest secure, and calmly sleep ;
For who can tell, in coming years,
How much these merry eyes may weep ?

Yes, rest secure till night is past,
For tender love thy guard shall be ;
Oh ! could it, where thy lot is cast,
A guard for ever be to thee !

Rest, little feet, thy play is o'er,—

It lasted through the hours of day ;

But when thy play-time is no more,

Where shall thy little footsteps stray ?

Rest, little form, the world's turmoil

Will soon thy careless spirits tame ;

For who can tell what care and toil

Await that little, tender frame ?

Rest, bounding heart, so full of glee,

That fears not what the morn may bring ;

That little heart the source may be

From which thy greatest grief may spring.

Oh ! could we now life's page unfold,

Love scarce might wish thee here to stay,

Such cares and sorrows to behold,

For life is not a holiday.





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